

Come to me Asian countries:
Give me your plutonium, your cesium, your strontium of which you're
longing to be free,
And pay to me an appropriate fee.
You may bury your deadliest waste
In our virgin soil, near our pristine water.

We'll send our giants, Bechtel and Edison
To erect your nuclear power plant;
You'll have energy, bounty, potent power--
and will Pay me forever to dispose of your waste.

Come to me great Utilities and Mighty Lords of the Water and Power:
I grant you riches and fortune.
You may dispose of deadly waste from nuclear reactors
Anonymously, in the sand at Water Road.
The identity of the source will be forever lost, buried in my
virgin soil.

Support my campaigns and those of my friends
And see that we are rewarded with reelection, destruction of mine
enemies and continued reign over this land and its resources.
I grant you monopoly over all forms of power by deregulation;
You may grant large corporate citizens cost reductions, and
retrieve your largess from resident ratepayers.
Thus shall you more powerful be, as you devour small competitors
and consolidate your dominance.

But you must pay me, destroy mine enemies, and deliver my fair
city--San Diego, by the sea,
Extractions from the precious mine hidden under the DUMP, at Ward
Valley.

Come to me my fair City of San Diego:
Your loyal son presents you LIFE of pristine water of virgin desert
land far away.
See how cleverly I have wrought **emergency**,
Demanding export of the precious life substance
for your fortune and bounty!
Is not our great City more worthy of life than the pitiful towns
full of dirty Indians, welfare scum, crying children, and brown-
skinned workers found along the polluted, dying, drying
Colorado River?

Come to me United States of America:
Using the purse of the taxpayers of the State of California,
I demand of your courts: GRANT ME THE LAND NOW!
I gave those who would PAY
Right to rape California Desert's largest groundwater aquifer.

You shall not cause me to breach my contract! Your laws permit it.
The polluters have paid. Tonite's The Night!

And so it came to pass. . .
And Ward Valley was raped; and the pure life blood encased in the
womb of the virgin soil gouged from her,
And pumped, and carried over miles and miles of hot desert terrain,
and deposited in reservoirs blasted into the earth in the Land of
the Governor's friends.

And great plunder and riches abounded, as golf courses, casinos,
hotels with fountains of water, and palm trees and lawns sprung up
around the new lake far from the scene of the rape.

For twenty years all boomed.
And then . . . the River died, and was no more.
The Ancient Tortoise died; the Wet Tribes died; Needles died;
Havasui died; Parker Dam died; Mexico died; Arizona fought
valiantly, and died.
And the People of San Diego, and all of the customers of the
Metropolitan Water District lived. . . a while longer.

Then, the Eastside Reservoir was exhausted. . . and the water was
no more. . . and the governor's mistress, by the sea, died.

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